THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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AMONG THE FLOWERS.

IN the picture on the first page you see four little girls busy as they can be picking flowers. It is a pleasant Saturday afternoon, and they have no lessons to learn, but are as free as the sheep eating grass just beyond them in the same pasture, and the birds flying gayly in the air. What a good time these little ones are having! One of them is making a wreath, and another is giving her a large dandelion blossom to put into it. When supper-time comes they will go home with wreaths around their heads and bouquets in their hands, and they will remember for a long time the pleasant afternoon they spent picking flowers.

In the second picture you see Alice Brewster, who has been on an errand for her mother. She was sent with a basket of nice things to old Mrs. Smith, who lives alone and is sick and poor. She willingly went on the errand, and on her return went into Mr. Welcome's fine grounds to see the pretty flowers growing there. She said kind words to Mrs. Smith, and now she is asking James Early, the gardener, if he does not get tired working among the plants all the time. She has kind words and feelings for everybody, and for this reason everybody loves her.

For The Dayspring.

BOBOLINK.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

OH! Bobolink! sweet Bobolink!
Loud singing by the reedy brink
Of meadow stream, where tufted grass,
Hides close the lowly nest you pass, —
Where the field-mouse, drest soft in brown,
Lists coming footsteps with a frown, —
Where Brindle wanders till the sun,
Tells to the stars the day is done, —
Oh! Bobolink! sweet Bobolink!
While you are singing, what do you think?

When dawn in hooded mantle gray,
Steals thro' the opening gates of day, —
When all the dim wood's hush is stirred
By chirp of insect, hymn of bird, —
When thro' the glowing, golden west,
The crimson clouds float on to rest, —
When night her starry crown has won,
And vesper bells their songs have sung, —
Oh! Bobolink! sweet Bobolink!
While you sit swinging, what do you think?

'I scold at the mouse in nun's dress of gray,
For setting her house right there in the way;
I chatter to Brindle the live-long day,
But she answers not, keeps eating away;
I swing in the thorn-bush, whose finger white,
Is lifted to silence all mischievous spite, —
But singing, scolding, or talk as I may,
The truth I'd be telling, whate'er I say,
To think ere you speak, then speak as you think,
Is wisdom for any, think I, Bobolink!'

FUN FOR LITTLE ONES.

CUT of letter paper a number of tiny figures of dolls, not over one quarter of an inch in size; place them on a table; take a black silk ribbon, an inch and a half wide, a half of a yard long; draw it quickly over your head for a number of times; then hold it over the miniatures, and they will all rise and cling to it. This creates great sport for little children. — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

"BEGINNINGS."

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

I WONDER whether many of those who read this paper have ever paused to consider how much interest attaches to the "beginnings" of things. When I look at some of those magnificent clipper ships which are found in all waters of the civilized world, my thoughts go back with a great deal of interest to the "Coracles" of our ancient British forefathers; boats made with a frame of wicker-work over which skins of animals were stretched. They are used to-day on some of the rivers in the interior of Wales; and I have a small model of one which has often been examined with great interest by my friends in this Western World. Look at our wonderful floating palaces, the great ocean and river steamers; and then think of their small beginnings in Scotland and France, where they were failures; then in the United States, where they made their first success as river craft, followed by a similar success in Scotland; whilst the first craft that ever steamed across the Atlantic was the "Royal William," built in Quebec in 1831, and which sailed from that city to Liverpool in 1833.*

Look at the elegant clock in the drawing-room; the accurate chronometer which you will find on board all sea-going vessels; and again at the correct, compact, and beautiful watch in your pocket; and then let your thoughts go back to the "beginning" of the time-measurers made by man: the water-clocks of the Egyptians; the sun-dials of the Romans: the hour-glass; the graduated candles of King Alfred (so deservedly called "the Great"); and then say if you do not find a wonderful interest in the "beginnings" of things.

Looking at those things which we find now among the prime necessaries of our daily life, of how many can we remember the beginning? Railways were not known in the childhood of men who are not very old to-day; steel pens were only just being introduced into schools when I was a boy, and I learned to write with a quill. The beginning of cheap postage is in my day, and of electric telegraphs; and many of my readers can remember the beginning of the ocean telegraph; whilst the telephone is just being brought into general use. Is it not interesting thus to look back to the "beginnings" of things? Now human nature is much the same in all lands and in all ages; and just as we are to-day interested in the beginnings of things, so were the men and women, the boys and girls who lived thousands of miles away and thousands of years ago.

The most ancient civilized nation with whose history we are familiar is Egypt; and Babylon and Persia follow very closely. These are eastern lands, with bright, warm, sunny skies, and rich landscapes, covered with the gorgeous vegetation that belongs to such climates. The people lived much in the open air, and so were led to examine their natural surroundings much more than we are; and in all of them a sort of dreamy, poetic fancy dwelt which expressed itself in their highly poetic and figurative language. As day after day these people watched the sun's course in the heavens, and felt his burning heat and longed for the evening's cool; and as they saw the fiery orb sink in the west, causing all the

* The rope-maker who rigged her is still making rigging in Montreal; and one of her engineers called upon me to give me some information about her, only a few weeks ago.

heavens to glow with the gorgeous hues of sunset; or, as darkness came over them, and, one by one the stars peeped out, and then the moon in silent beauty rose; as night after night, for years and years, they looked into that broad expanse of heaven, and saw all the glory there displayed; cannot you fancy them sometimes puzzling over the beginnings of these things, and asking each other how they came to be as they saw them?

In Egypt the ancient legend ran that at some time in the long, long ago, the sun, which was looked upon as a god, had in some way wounded himself so severely that his blood flowed freely, and out of this blood he had created all things.

The Babylonish legend is very wild and ugly: "There was a time in which all was darkness and water. From these came hideous creatures: winged men, men with the legs and horns of goats, bulls with human heads, and such-like monsters. Over all these was a woman, goddess of nature and mother of all beings, whom Belus, the chief of the gods, cut in two, making of one half the earth and of the other half the sky. This caused the monsters to die, as they could not bear the light; upon seeing which Belus cut off his own head, and the gods then mixed the blood that flowed therefrom with the dust of the earth, and formed man, which accounts for his sharing in the divine nature. Belus afterwards made the sun, moon, and stars, and five planets."

The Persian legend, from the sacred book of the Parsees, known as the Zend-Avesta, says: "The Eternal Being produced two great gods, one named Ormuzd, king of light; the other Ahriman, king of darkness, who became the author of evil. Ormuzd was appointed to create the world, which was made to last twelve thousand years. He formed the vault of heaven and the earth on which it rests, and dwelt at the top of a mountain so high that it pierced the upper sky and reached the source of light. He then made sun, moon, and stars to aid him in his battle with the terrible power of darkness; the universe being thus created in six periods, man, as in Genesis, last of all."

These legends (which I have quoted from a very interesting book called "The Childhood of Religions," by Edward Clodd, in which many others may be found) will give you some idea of the stories of the creation which were prevalent among the ancient nations. But the legends which are most interesting to us are the two which are found in the first and second chapters of the Book of Genesis. Some nations seem to have had special missions. Thus, Greece is the world's teacher in beauty; Rome, in law and order; whilst the Hebrew people are the great religious leaders. We should naturally expect, therefore, that their legends would be more satisfactory than those of other nations; and if you will read the two already mentioned, you will find that they quite meet our expectation in this respect, for they attribute the creation of all things to the one true God. Before doing so, however, you need to be reminded that there have been, at all times, many wrong opinions held, by even wise persons, about this world of ours. For instance, many of you know that only a few hundred years ago people thought that the earth was a flat body, like the top of a table, and that sun, moon, and stars had been made simply to attend upon it. They spoke of things just as they appeared to them to be (as we speak of the sun rising and setting, because he appears to do so, though by study we find out that what appears to be his motion, is really the mo-

tion of the earth; and still we go on using the same language). Looking up into the heavens on some clear night, how near together some of the stars seem to be. Our own observation does not tell us of all the millions of miles between us and them, and between themselves.

It is an interesting study to see how slowly dawned upon men's minds the great truth that

"Things are not what they seem."

But with all the mistakes incident to a slow growth in knowledge, it is a grand thing to know that it was very early in man's history that he attributed all this wonderful creation to some great and sufficient Cause; and though this Cause has received many different names, and been worshipped in many different ways, it has always been acknowledged as greater, wiser, and stronger than man.

If you are interested in this paper about "Beginnings," I hope at some future time to tell you something about another story of creation; a story written by the finger of God Himself; a story that the wisest are trying to read and understand to-day: a long, long story; as old as the hills, — yes, older, — and yet as fresh and as new as to-day; a story full of living interest to every earnest student; and one replete with the most delightful illustrations. Meantime, think carefully over what you have read here, and you will be better able to understand the new story when it comes.

MONTREAL, May, 1880.

HOLD on to your character; for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

HONOR is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

For The Dayspring.

THE SAD FATE OF MADCAP.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

MADCAP'S home was in a nice, warm nest, under the floor of Farmer White's barn. In this nest lived Father and Mother Mouse, Madcap, Fleety, and Squeaky. Fleety and Squeaky were Madcap's brother and sister. Mamma Mouse did not name her children until they were well grown. Her eldest son she called Madcap, on account of his propensity to run away from home and get into mischief. She named her second son Fleety, because he could run so fast. Sometimes the three little mice ran a race together; but they soon got tired of this, they knew so well who would come off victor. It was always Fleety. He ran so fast you could scarcely see his little legs go. He seemed to fly over the ground. I am sorry to say that Squeaky was the cry-baby of the family, which accounts for her name.

One day Father Mouse came home very early in the afternoon. He seemed pleased about something. "Come, my children, gather around me," he said, "I've a story to tell you." At this the little mice clapped their hands, — their *paws*, I should say, — and Madcap shouted "Hurrah!" Then they began to push each other, for each wanted the place nearest to his papa. Fleety, always quick, got the place first. Madcap pulled a hair out of his tail, and tickled his brother on the ear; this caused Fleety to jump quickly back, when Madcap hopped quietly into his place. Fleety did not make a fuss, however, but took the place next to his brother in perfect good humor. Then Squeaky, as was usual with her, began to cry.

"What's the matter now, Squeaky?" said her mamma.

"The boys have dot the dood paces, and I tan't hear a word of the tory," replied little Squeaky.

"Boys," said their mother, "it is very impolite in you to take the best, as you always do. You never seem to think of your little sister."

"Children," said their father, "if you don't behave, I shall not tell the story. Squeaky, come and sit on my knee. Madcap, stop pinching your brother. Because Fleety is good-natured is no reason why you should impose on him as you do."

When all was still, Papa Mouse began. "The story I am about to tell you, my dears, is true, — about something I saw on my travels to-day."

"Doody, doody!" said little Squeaky, who was now perfectly content. "I like true tories."

"I came near losing my life, to-day, my children," continued the father.

At this Mamma Mouse and the two boys looked very grave, and Squeaky began to cry.

"Hush! my darling," said papa, "there is nothing to cry about. Here I am, safe and sound. I tell you this, that you may know how dangerous it is to go abroad in the daytime; it is for your best good that we do not allow you to do so. This morning I crossed the yard in perfect safety, but just as I entered the orchard, I almost ran into the claws of that dreadful monster, the black cat. (Squeaky put both paws around her papa's neck, and gave him a good squeeze, by way of expressing her sympathy.) The cat glared at me with her great eyes, which shone like balls of fire. I took to my legs and ran, she after me, she was about to pounce upon me, when, thanks to a friendly hole, I escaped. I remained in the hole until all danger had passed, then I crossed the orchard again, and entered the yard. When I reached the farmhouse door, I heard a great rumbling noise. Fearing fresh danger, I jumped behind a large stone, where I could see without being seen. The rumbling noise grew louder and louder, until a large wagon, driven by Farmer White, came into view. A delicious smell greeted my nostrils just as the wagon stopped, and the farmer called the cook to help him into the pantry with the cheese."

"A cheese!" cried all the little mice at once. "Oh, how lovely!" While Mamma Mouse smacked her lips, as if the very name of cheese made her hungry.

"Now, my dears," continued the father, "if you are good children, you shall go to the pantry with mamma and myself, this evening, and we will feast on that delicious cheese."

At this news the little mice became wild with delight. Madcap shouted, "Oh, won't it be fun! We 'll go every one!" at the top of his voice. Fleety ran round and round the nest; and little Squeaky jumped up and down for joy.

The looked-for evening came at last, and the Mouse family started on their journey. Papa and mamma walked quietly along, with Squeaky between them; Madcap and Fleety cut up all sorts of capers by the way. When they reached the farmhouse, they were grieved to find no means of entrance. But Mamma Mouse, having the sharpest set of teeth in the family, soon made this all right by boring a little round hole, through which they passed, one by one, into the kitchen beyond. The pantry-door they found ajar, so they all walked in without being invited. Mr. and Mrs. Mouse and the two boys jumped on to the pantry-shelf with a bound, but the leap was too much for little Squeaky, who was forced to give it up in despair. But

just as she opened her mouth to give forth a musical howl, her mamma came to the rescue, by stepping to the edge of the shelf and letting her tail hang over; she then told Squeaky to help herself up by it, and Squeaky, using it much as the sailors do a rope, swung herself easily on to the shelf. Now the feast began. First the mice had a glorious nibble off the big cheese, then they turned their attention to mince-pies and other dainties, and finally topped off with a nice drink of cream. When they started for home, each little mouse, with the exception of Squeaky, carried some dainty for the next day's meals. Baby Squeaky rode home in state, on her papa's back. That night, strange to tell, not one of the Mouse family was troubled with the nightmare. I think that must have been because they were accustomed to dine late, don't you?

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Mouse were obliged to go out of town to be gone all day, so they charged the children to be very good, and on no account to stir from the nest. "Remember, my children," said their father, "how many dangers await those who go abroad in the daytime."

The children promised to obey, and Papa and Mamma Mouse took their departure. For a time, all went well. Madcap and Fleety flew about and put the nest in perfect order, while Squeaky, as quiet as a little lamb, played with her playthings, in the corner, by herself. But after the work was all done, Madcap grew restless, and turning to his brother, he said, "Come Fleet, let 's go out doors and play awhile. If papa and mamma can go away every day, and come back safely, I see no reason why we can't."

"We promised we would stay at home, you know; besides we cannot leave our little sister all alone," replied his brother.

"You can stay if you like," said Madcap, "but I 'm going to have a good time."

Fleety begged his brother to keep his promise, while little Squeaky clung about his neck, saying, "Do n't do, I 'm 'fraid the tat 'll tatch oo."

But Madcap went. He played about the yard for some time; but, finding it stupid work to play alone, and remembering the feast of the night before, Madcap turned his steps toward the farmhouse. He went to the place where he entered before, but to his surprise, no hole was there; it had been stopped up. He found the farmhouse door wide open and the door of the pantry ajar, and in less time than it takes to tell it, foolish Madcap was on the pantry-shelf, nibbling away at the various dainties spread out before him. "Ah!" thought he, "what a nice time I am having! What a foolish mouse Fleety was not to come with me!"

But alas for poor Madcap! — Bridget, the cook, soon made her appearance on the scene. The moment she caught sight of the little mouse, she took him up by the tail, and thus addressed him: "Ah! ye little thafe of the worrld, I 've caught ye, have I! Och! is it thrying to bite me ye are? Indade, thin, I 'll soon put ye where ye 'll niver bite agin, ye spalpeen!" So saying, Bridget threw the little fellow into a tub of hot suds. Madcap had just time enough to wish that he had obeyed his kind parents, when the water closed over him, and he was gone.

There was a sad time of mourning, in the home nest, for poor Madcap. Fleety and Squeaky took to heart the lesson which their brother's death taught, and when inclined to disobey, their parents had only to say, "Think of Madcap!" when they became as docile as it was possible for two little mice to be.

For The Dayspring.

MABEL AND THE KITTY.

KITTY, kitty, blue-eyed kitty,
Come out and play with me;
I'll hold you softly in my arms
Under the big green tree.

Or in the hammock hanging there,
We'll both curl down and lie;
And, swinging gently in the wind,
Will sleep there by and by.

Oh! do come out and let me see
Your mittens soft and white,
Your little slender curly tail,
Your eyes so blue and bright.

Oh! do not hide there in the wood,
Here's milk so fresh and sweet;
I will not pull your pretty tail,
Nor pinch your cunning feet.

I will be good and kind to you
As little girl can be,
If you will come out here and play
Under the big green tree. O.

QUEER PARLOR PETS.

"IN the middle of my parlor I have a curious republic of industrious hornets; their nest hangs to the ceiling by the same twig on which it was so admirably built and contrived in the woods. Its removal did not displease them, for they find in my house plenty of food; and I have left a hole open in one of the panes of the window, which answers all their purposes. By this kind usage, they have become quite harmless; they live on flies, which are very troublesome to us throughout the summer. They are constantly busy in catching them, even on the eyelids of my children. By their assistance I am but little troubled with flies. Though they are vindictive and fierce, yet kindness and hospitality has made them useful and harmless." — *Selected.*

WOODEN SWEARING.

THE Sabbath school in Rockville was assembled for their monthly concert. The lesson was about swearing; and, when the children had repeated their verses, the minister rose to talk to them.

"I hope, dear children," he said, "that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you about a kind of swearing which I heard a good woman speak about not long ago. She called it 'wooden swearing.' It 's a kind of swearing that many people beside children are given to when they are angry. Instead of giving vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can. 'Isn't this just the same as swearing?' said she. 'It 's just the same kind of feeling exactly; only they do not like to say those awful words. But they force the furniture to make the noise; and so I call it wooden swearing.' I hope, dear children, that you will not do any of this kind of swearing, either." It is better to let alone wooden swearing and all other kinds of swearing. — *The Little Christian.*

SAVE ALL THE BITS.

I REMEMBER a busy man who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a very perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked him one day.

"Oh!" said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning: so I save all the bits that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of a year."

His example is worthy of imitation.

ALICE AND THE GARDENER.

For The Dayspring.

WHO STOLE THE DOLL?

BY REV. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

TORTY was not a bad boy, but he had some very severe temptations before he was five years old, and it grieves me to say that he was not strong enough to resist them. I will tell you about one; but first let me stop to explain that Torty was not his true name. The older folks began it by calling him Totty-boy or Totty, and it was not long before his "big sister," Anmarier, changed the name to Torty, because that was so much easier to call up the stairways or from the sidewalk. Then, Ned Sanborn, the boy who made four blue marks with his teeth on Torty's arm because he wouldn't bring him out any more seed cakes, picked up the new word; and then, to show how a bad example will sometimes spread even to good people, Aunt Dabby and Aunt Hanner and Lizzibussy and, at last, father and mother fell into the same fashion. The name clung to him until he was almost six years old, and was only changed for a worse one when Uncle Joe saw him tumbling up and down stairs in his first pair of boots and called him "Little Boots." I regret to say that lots of folks thought it was funny enough to bear repeating.

That, however, is not the story I started to tell.

When Anmarier was about five years old, being two years older than Torty, she went to Miss Callender's private school, and learned how to read in "The Young Reader," and grappled with the mysteries in Emerson's Primary Arithmetic, with its yellow covers, and rows of sticks and birds and apples, and other things she can't remember. What is far more clear in her memory than all that is that she often stopped on her way and looked at the toys and picture-books in Mrs. Hunt's window. It wasn't a very large window, and every thing in it wouldn't fill a bushel basket, but it was a wonderful window for Anmarier, who thought Mrs. Hunt must be very rich and happy to own so much. Why, there was one Dutch doll with jointed arms and legs worth more than all of Anmarier's treasures put together; and she spent many minutes, in school and out, in studying how she could manage to get mother or some one else to buy it for her. It was at least a comfort to see, day by day, that it was not sold, and to whisper to it through the window just as if it were her own, and you can believe that her heart beat fast when she looked in one morning and discovered that some one had broken a pane of glass, and that it beat just as fast when she hurried home from school at noon and saw that the window was not mended. And the doll! It was lying with one foot right on the sash. What if some bad boy or girl should —— ! The thought was too painful. Anmarier shut her eyes and went right home to dinner; but she was soon back again, not to *steal* the doll, Oh, no! She belonged to a Sunday-school, and her good teacher taught her lots of things, out of the catechism or something else, that made her hair stand on end. Oh, no! Do you imagine she never learned the little verse, —

> "It is a sin to steal a pin,
> Much more to steal a larger thing?"

It kept ringing in her ears all day, for some reason, and yet she could no more keep away from that window than a fly can keep away from a honey-jar. She didn't want to steal the doll; she had no idea of it, but

I must tell the whole truth and confess that she acted very strangely and unwisely for a girl who really wanted to be honest. What do you suppose ever possessed her to take Torty out to walk and to lead him past that window, yes, to stop right in front of it? I don't know, and I don't think she knew herself, but there they were, and Torty, who was just old enough to think that the only way to get things in this world is just to take them, reached after the doll, — he had to stand on his tip-toes to do it,— caught it by one leg, and pulled it out. Anmarier told him he mustn't; but she said it very faintly, and then, horrified at what he had done, tried a little more earnestly to make him put it back, but he had also learned in the few years he had lived in this world, that the only way to keep things you like is to hang on to them for dear life, and so he hung on and said "No, No," and ran along the sidewalk.

Anmarier knew her brother's ways too well to think she could get the doll out of his hands without a hard struggle, even if she could get it away whole. She didn't want to have the doll torn in pieces, and she didn't dare to call for help lest a constable might come along and carry her little brother to jail, and so she did what any little girl might have done in such a case, took him by one hand, while he clung to the doll with the other, and hurried him home.

Mother could soon have made things all right, but, alas, Anmarier did not go to her. The longer Torty kept the doll the more hopeful she became that he could manage to keep it for ever, and her advice to him to hide the doll under the bed when they heard mother coming was a piece of naughtiness I will not try to excuse; but do you suppose that Torty could let the doll stay under the bed? Oh, no. It was out again in less than a minute, and Anmarier, who thought that a good time for slipping out of the room, had to come back and explain.

Anmarier was ashamed of her brother, and she told her mother so, and she told how hard she had tried to make him take the doll back, "and he wouldn't, *wouldn't*, WOULDN'T." She might have kept on scolding, but she saw her mother's soft black eyes looking right through her, and, being unable to go any further, put her knuckles into her eyes and began to whimper. You may be sure that mother set the whole thing in its true light, and you may be sure that the doll went home that very afternoon. Torty made some protest, of course. Wasn't the doll his? Didn't it belong to him by right of discovery, just as Cape Cod belonged to England, and Mexico to Spain? He had no idea of giving up such a prize without a struggle, and so he kicked, screamed, and rolled, and it were hard to say what naughty thing he might not have done if Lizzibussy had not passed through the room with a dish full of those famous seed-cakes. Then he let go of the doll and went out holding on to her dress.

But the way the doll went back, that was "the worst of all the game." Anmarier wanted mother to take it, but no, she had to march back with it herself, post haste and all alone. It was neatly tied up, that was one comfort, but her heart was in her mouth and she kept looking back to see if the constable were coming. Imagine, too, her trembling and mortification when she entered the shop and said, "Here's a doll which my little brother took out of your broken window."

She wasn't "put in jail," as she feared she might be, but she suffered enough to punish her, and she never forgot the lesson. The only thing she didn't remember very

clearly was how she got home again from the shop. That was probably because she travelled fast. The pane of glass was mended next day, but it was weeks before she knew it; she didn't care to go to school through that street, choosing a road a little longer and pleasanter.

Will the reader please decide for me who was to blame for stealing that doll and whether mother did right in letting three-year old Torty off without any punishment?

A NEW PUZZLE.

STUDENTS at the Institute of Technology have designed a rival to the Gem Puzzle, which is beginning to excite considerable interest about town. Given two words of an equal number of letters, the problem is to change one to the other by altering one letter at a time of the first so as to make a legitimate English word, continuing the alterations until the desired result is attained. The conditions are that only one letter shall be altered to form each new word and that none but words which can be found in English dictionaries shall be used. Here are some examples of the changes:

East to West — East, vast, vest, West.

Boot to Shoe — Boot, soot, shot, Shoe.

Dog to Cat — Dog, dig, pig, fig, fit, fat, Cat.

Milk to Hash — Milk, mile, male, mate, hate, hath, Hash.

Road to Rail — Road, rood, root, coot, coat, coal, coil, toil, tail, Rail.

Soup to Fish — Soup, soul, soil, foil, fowl, fool, foot, coot, cost, cast, fast, fist, Fish.

The game is becoming quite popular in railroad offices as well as in family circles and at firesides, and seems to furnish instruction with amusement. — *Boston Transcript.*

For The Dayspring.

ARTIE SAXIE'S FOUR RULES.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

THERE had been a light fall of snow during the night, and, in the morning, as I was sweeping the sidewalk, a bright-eyed boy, coming up on the run, stopped just in time to prevent a collision, and burst out with, "Hullo, Mister."

"Hallo, my boy!" said I.

"Ain't you the man that teaches Sunday School back in the corner of the Congregational Church?" said the boy.

"Yes," said I, "I teach the Bible Class — old folks, you know. What's your name, my boy?"

"Artie Saxie," was the prompt answer. "I hain't got no father nor mother. I 'm never going to smoke, nor chew tobacco, nor swear, nor drink."

That boy was not over nine years old, and he looked like a perfect little Hannibal. Both had made solemn promises. Hannibal, with a mother to inspire him, had sworn, upon the altars of his country's gods, eternal enmity to the ancient enemies of his race, and Artie Saxie, with neither father nor mother to care for him, had avowed his hostility to four of the greatest enemies that goodness has to contend with. So I said to him, "My boy, speak to me every time you see me. I want you to keep your word, and grow up a good man." Then we parted. What made Artie speak to me? I know very well. He felt lonely, and he wanted to tell some one that he was alone in the world. Young as he was, he had done something of the utmost importance. He had made up his mind on several great questions, and had made it up in the right way.

As I listened to what he said, I looked upon his bright, artless face with untold

pleasure. It was so frank, so honest in its expression, that I could not for a moment doubt his sincerity. His pleasant smile was like a gleam of sunshine, on that sharp winter morning, and it made me feel almost as if spring were coming. But there was another thing that pleased me more than his looks. It was what he said, and I thought it a great pity that only I should know it. There are many boys in the world, not fatherless and motherless like Artie Saxie, who ought to be told of his good resolutions, and then go and do just as he has done. Hardly a day passes that I do not see some boy strutting along the street, making a fool of himself by smoking the stub of a cigar. Now the boy who does that does not know what he is doing. He sees men smoke, and he thinks it smart and manly, and so he apes them, and a very silly ape he makes of himself. I have asked a good many old smokers if they would advise me to learn to smoke, and every one of them has said, "No! let tobacco alone, if you know when you are well off."

Boys always want a reason for what is told them, and when I say, "Boys, I wouldn't smoke," I can almost hear some boy say, "Why not?" Well then, in the first place, it is very expensive, and you can put your money to far better use than to burn it up. It makes people nervous to smoke, and it creates a desire for something to drink that is stronger than the drinks you find on the table at home. If you must burn your money, better throw it into the fire at once, and see it burn where it will hurt no one.

Artie Saxie also said he would not chew tobacco. I can see how a boy might like to smoke, but how in the world he can find any pleasure in chewing tobacco I cannot see. It is the filthiest habit in the world. The first time you get into a car, look about you and see how many seats you don't want to sit in, because the floor is wet with tobacco juice, and then tell me if you want to be as dirty as the men are who leave the droppings of their unclean mouths wherever they go. God likes a clean man, and the way to become a clean man is to be a clean boy.

Artie's third resolution was that he would never swear. I don't know what led him to form such good resolutions. It was a cold morning and he stopped but a moment, just to get a pleasant word, and then trudged on, whistling as he went. But the Sunday-school boys all know that God has said, "Thou shalt not swear." Not long ago I saw a bright, handsome boy, about eight years old, running about at a depot, where I was waiting for the train. His face pleased me, for it was bright and pleasant. But in a moment he uttered a dreadful oath. Even hard men who heard him shuddered at such words from young lips like his. Seldom do I go down street without hearing bad words from some boy, and I often wonder if he knows that God hears him. Boys of the present day indulge a good deal in what is called slang. If they only knew how much better they would appear by using plain, simple language, they would use it. The birds always sing the notes God taught them. Dear boys, why can't you always use your tongues as God meant you should.

Artie's last resolution was his best one, and it was that he would never drink. The first time you meet a man who is drunk, stop and ask yourself if you want to be like him. There was a time when he was what you now are. But why is he now so different? He drinks, but you do not. You can't become a drunkard if you never begin to drink.

Artie Saxie's four rules, if honestly followed, will guide you safely through the worst temptations of this life, and here they are, not as he gave them to me, but as I give them to you. Don't you think they are pretty good rules for a boy to follow?

Four golden rules I choose to-day,
To guide me in the perfect way.

My mouth a chimney shall not be;
No pipe or cigarette for me.

I will not take God's name in vain;
"Thou shalt not swear:" his law is plain.

And as for drink, I promise now,
And may I keep my solemn vow,

That young or old, I never will
Taste drinks that heartless men distill.

TWO GOOD HANDS.

WHEN I was a boy, I once became especially interested in the subject of inheritances. I was particularly anxious to know what my father's inheritance was; so one day, after thinking about the matter a good while very seriously, I ventured to ask him; and this was his reply: "My inheritance? I will tell you what it was, two good hands, and an honest purpose to make the best use in my power of my hands, and of the time God gave me." Though it is now many years since, I can remember distinctly the tones of my father's voice as he spoke, with both of his hands lifted up to give emphasis to his words.

Many a boy does not receive a large inheritance of money or lands; but every one has a pair of good hands, which are better than thousands of money. And the good purpose to make the best use of them is in every boy's power. Remember this wise injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—*Selected.*

HUMOROUS.

A SCOTCH minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It 's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

In a primary school, not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the black-board, "bird's-nest," and, pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a small Fenian piped out, "Plase, ma'am, for the burd to roosht on."

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

A little five-year-old was standing by her mother's side at the window in deep meditation. As one star after another came twinkling into the sky, she watched them with eyes that grew bigger and brighter. At last she turned to her mother and said, "I gueth it 's 'bout time to light up, mother. God 's lit up his houth."

"Biddy, bring me some salt." "Sure an' I will, your riverence." Forthwith appeared Biddy with the article in her hand. "Never again bring me any thing in your hand," said the master; "you should have brought it on a plate." The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and the faithful domestic instantly appeared. "I want my slippers," said the priest. Biddy vanished, and soon returned, bearing in her hand a plate, upon which were her master's slippers.

PRAISE MEETING AMONG THE FLOWERS.

A RECITATION.

THE flowers of many climates,
That bloom all seasons through,
Met in a stately garden,
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship
The Lord they came to meet;
Her box of precious ointment
The Rose broke at his feet.

The Passion-flower his symbol
Wore fondly on her breast;
She spoke of self-denial
As what might please him best.

The Morning-glories, fragile,
Like infants soon to go,
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets,
And praised the Master so.

"Thy words are like to honey,"
The Clover testified,
"And all who trust thy promise
Shall in thy love abide."

The Lilies said, "Oh, trust him;
We neither toil nor spin,
And yet his house of beauty,
See how we enter in."

The King-cup and her kindred
Said, "Let us all be glad;
Of his redundant sunshine,
Behold how we are clad."

"And let us follow Jesus,"
The Star of Bethlehem said;
And all the band of star flowers
Bent down with reverent head.

The glad Sunflower answered,
And little Daisies bright,
And all the cousin Asters,
"We follow toward the light."

"We praise him for the mountains!"
The Alpine Roses cried;
"We bless him for the valleys,"
The Violets replied.

"We praise him," said the Air-plants,
"For breath we never lack;"
"And for the rocks we praise him,"
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise God for the waters!"
The salt Sea-mosses sighed;
And all his baptized Lilies
"Amen! amen!" replied.

"And for the cool green woodlands
We praise and thanks return,"
Said Kalmias and Azalias,
And graceful, feathery Fern.

"And for the wealth of gardens,
And all the gardener thinks,"
Said Roses and Camellias,
And all the sweet-breathed Pinks.

"Hosanna in the highest!"
The baby Bluets sang,
And little trembling Harebells
In softest music rang.

"The winter hath been bitter,
But sunshine follows storm,
Thanks for his loving-kindness,
The earth's great heart is warm."

Thus spoke the Pilgrims' May-flower,
That cometh after snow,
The humblest and the sweetest
Of all the flowers that blow.

"Thank God for every weather,
The sunshine and the wet,"
Spake out the cheery Pansies,
And darling Mignonette.

And then the sun descended,
The heavens were all aglow,
The little Morning-glories
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright Day-Lilies
Their lone watch ceased to keep,
"He giveth," said the Poppies,
"To his beloved, sleep."

The gray of evening deepened,
The soft wind stirred the corn,
When sudden in the garden
Another flower was born.

It was the Evening-Primrose,
Her sisters followed fast;
With perfumed lips they whispered,
"Thank God for night at last."

Selected.

THOUGHTS, Selected from the Writings of Rev. William E. Channing, D.D. By Henry A. Miles. Fourteenth Thousand. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 1880. pp. 160. Price fifty cents.

This little book compiled by Dr. Miles many years ago has done great service, and we doubt not is destined to do greater. It consists of short selections from Channing's writings, and is just the thing to have on one's table to catch up at any moment, or to give to any friend whom we would introduce to Channing's complete works. We give two of the "Thoughts." "True religion is a life unfolded within, not something forced on us from abroad." "He who does a bad deed says, more strongly than words can utter, 'I cast away a portion of future good, I resolve on future pain.'"

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Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of seventeen letters.
My 1, 5, 10, 8, 16, is the unmerited favor of God.
My 4, 13, 7, is a slimy fish.
My 9, 6, 11, 17, is a small, swift animal.
My 12, 2, 16, 8, 9, is a small blood-sucker.
My 15, 4, 3, 14, is a magnifying-glass.
My whole is an officer in the Revolutionary war.

CHARADE.

I am a word of three syllables.
My first is a wicked sprite.
My second is a conjunction.
My third is a melody.
My whole is a verb meaning to tease.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A large covered wagon.
2. A city in the State of New York.
3. A blossom of the spring.
4. A gale of wind.
5. A bird of night.
6. A beautiful flower.
7. One of the Western Territories.
8. A river of South America.

The initials form the name of a ruler in Europe, now living.

The finals, the name of a ruler in Europe, no longer living.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN MAY NUMBER.

Daniel Webster.

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